





HARTFORD, MAY 15, 1830.

**AFRICA.**

"There is a general satisfaction among the emigrants, they are pleased with their new country and present prospects, my own family have no desire to return; we were received by the agent and former emigrants with the strongest marks of friendship, and welcomed as citizens of Liberia. Our prospects of farms on which to live are inviting and flattering, being between Monrovia and Millsburg on the bank of the St. Paul's. I presume the situation will be a healthy one—so soon as it becomes an open country,

### ORDINATION.

## STEAM BOATS.

## CICERONEAN LYCEUM

COMMUNICATED.

Canterbury, May 6. L. KNEELAND.

**NOTICE.**

## REVIVALS.

$P = 0.001$

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**EVIDENCES.**—These are of two kinds, external and internal. The latter is not *alone* sufficient to prove the authenticity of a book, but may be adduced as a powerful corroboration of the former.

**HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.**

gratulation and gratitude to the Author of all good. Enjoying in its utmost practicable extent, the right of self government, with security in their property, persons, and reputation, according to the mild and equal laws, justly and impartially executed, the people of this State fully and happily realize the be-

In pursuance of a resolution passed at the previous session of the General Assembly, the Hon. William Bristol and Samuel Church, have been appointed to

[illegible]

shall incur fear  
mitted to us by  
tions on the ba



N. B. In consequence of the above arrangement,  
it has become necessary to have all debts contracted  
with *Lyman Cooley*, settled immediately.  
May 15, 1830. A 17

it has become necessary to have all debts contracted with *Lyman Cooley*, settled immediately.

May 15, 1830. R 17

it has become necessary to have all debts contracted with *Lyman Cooley*, settled immediately.



## POETRY.

From the Literary Souvenir.  
THE RUIN OF TIME.  
BY HARRY CORNWALL.

"Time in his awful course rolls on for ever.  
Marble and brass and gold, temples and towers,  
Fall down before his waves; the unsparring Hours  
And on the dark deep river  
(Washed like an atom down) goes man, the god!  
Pale stern philosophers and hermits holy,  
Vain scholars, lovers vain, maids melancholy,  
And kings, who once in purple vengeance trod,  
Kingdoms and states resist not: great seas fall  
Back, and old Earth shrinks like a crumbling ball;  
Grace, honour, valour, wisdom, virtue, fame,  
Weak, wise, or brave or strong,—all bend the same!

"Now sit, and let us mark what ruins hoar  
Great Time hath left upon this barren shore,—  
What pillars and vast blocks of brass and stone,  
With figures carved, and fill'd with speech unknown,  
What plains turned up by inundations wild,  
What pyramids unpeopled,  
And shattered rocks, and horrid wrecks sublime.  
Look out,—while I note down each thing that Time  
(Tyrannous Time) hath left in deep amaze—  
Count on, count on,—do I not bid thee gaze?"  
"I gaze,—but see no marks of Time, save one,—  
The little dial, pointing in the sun!"

## MISCELLANY.

## SKETCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

From the Rev. Josiah Brewer's "Residence at Constantinople, in 1827, with Notes to the present time."  
It will be remembered that Mr. Brewer is now an efficient Missionary to the Mediterranean, and, as was stated in a late Recorder, has just arrived in Greece, with the Missionary friends who accompanied him, after a passage of 56 days from New York. The work from which we extract has been just published at New-Haven. His letter was dated at Constantinople, March, 1827.

You will better understand my situation here, if you suffer me first to refresh your memory with some general notices of this great Mohammedan capital. Take your globe then, and follow round your own parallel of latitude, until you have counted off nearly one hundred degrees to the east. Or if you prefer to trace my route, you may stretch a line across the Atlantic, of thirty-five hundred miles; and thence another of fifteen hundred & two thousand more, through the Mediterranean and the islands of the Archipelago: the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, to where it receives the waters of the Black Sea by the outlet of the Bosphorus, or straits of Constantinople. The Bosphorus, like the straits of the Dardanelles, is to be regarded as a rapid river, rather than a canal, as it is usually called.—Its breadth varies from one to three miles, and its length is not far from twenty. On the European side just at the point of opening into the Marmora, an arm or rather horn of the strait, extends six or eight miles into the land, curving upon itself towards the Black Sea. Its greatest breadth is about a mile. At its tip, two small streams discharge themselves, whose course is nearly parallel with the Bosphorus. Cover this singular body of water with thousands of the gay kirlangishes or swallow boats, and cluster around its banks hundreds of richly freighted merchant vessels, and it becomes the celebrated harbour of the golden horn.

Constantinople, properly so called, is the triangular space, inclosed on two sides by the Marmora and the golden horn, and on the land side by a triple wall and ditch. It is customary, however, to include under the same general name, the suburbs of Galata, Pera, Tophana, and others, which are contained within the curve of the horn, and the Bosphorus. Some also add Scutari, and the suburbs on the Asiatic side of the strait, though the channel is here three miles over.

Confining ourselves then for the present to Constantinople proper, let us first fix on some localities. Considering the land side as the base of the triangle, we have the Castle of the Seven Towers near the angle which it forms with the Marmora, and the mosque of Ejoub in a suburb just without the walls, at the outer angle which it makes with the harbour side. The Seraglio Point is at the vertex of the triangle. To prepare you for the accuracy of oriental descriptions, the authorities in so plain a matter as the circumference of the city, vary in their estimates, only from ten to twenty-three miles. If you set it down at fifteen, it will not be far from the truth, and in your plan, you may mark the longest side, on the sea, and the least on the harbour. The two water sides have their walls, with low turrets and gates.—Along the Marmora, the turrets and angles of ten project into the sea. On the harbour side, there is usually a narrow space without, now in part occupied by dwellings. The walls on the land side, like the others, are in a ruinous condition, and their crumbling towers will soon leave few of the Greek inscriptions to tell us by what "emperor in Jesus Christ," they were built or restored.—About midway on this side, is the cannon gate, by which Mahomet entered the city in 1453.—Though sober observers might not think of describing this second Rome, as another "seven hilled city," yet like the country around, it is irregular and considerably elevated.

The most prominent objects as you approach, and the most interesting after you have entered, are the royal mosques. St. Sophia, with which we must of course begin, need not detain us long. It is as well known as St. Paul's in London.—Travellers differ in opinion how far they should have joined with the Christian emperor Justinian, who, when he had completed this church, exclaimed, "I have outdone thee, O Solomon." For myself, I cannot say with the queen of Sheba, that it "exceeded the fame which I heard."—The other mosques which are chiefly of Turkish origin, and modelled after St. Sophia, bear the names of their founders, as the Suleymanie, the Validee, Sultan Achmet, Sultan Bajazet, Sultan Selim, Sultan Mahomet, and the like. You will find most of them surrounded with a large open court, in which are shade trees, fountains and cloisters, for the purposes of ablution. The

central part is a high dome, with many smaller domes and minarets around. The white minarets, of which there are four to the royal mosques, are "as high as any of our bellfries, and as small about as a ninepin." Near the top is a gallery on the outside, from whence the muezzin proclaims the hour of prayer, towards the four cardinal points.

Though Christians at present, do not obtain access to the interior, you may find in the books of travellers, a minute account of the porphyry, jasper and marble columns, which the ruined cities of Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt and Greece, have furnished for their principal ornament. Near the mosques are the basons, or sepulchres of the sultans, and other celebrated personages. Here the Koran is often chained to the grave, and visitors spend much time in reading from it, as an act of piety.

From the American Pastor's Journal.

## THE AGED FRIEND.

Passing through the town of W. in the state of Vermont, in the spring of 1825, I overtook and entered into conversation with an aged man, whose address soon convinced me that he belonged to the society of Friends. On informing me that he should be eighty-three years old the present week, I remarked, "The Lord has lengthened out your life to an unusual age." "Yes," he replied, tears starting in his dim eyes, "when I think what God has done for me, words fail to express my gratitude. I have indeed arrived at a good old age. The friends of my youth and manhood lie in the grave. Two wives have fallen by my side, and nearly all my fourteen children are dead. I have been a soldier: at one period I was in an engagement fourteen days in succession.—But I am done with fighting. It is unchristian work. Young men have said, on hearing my age, 'Father P. you can live but a few days more'; but long ago they were hid in the tomb, while I am spared." I was forcibly struck with the feeling manner in which this was uttered, but was unsatisfied whether his gratitude flowed from a heart in love with the character and requirements of God. I therefore inquired, "has your heart ever been changed from a love of sin to holiness?" "Yes," he replied, "I think so. O the mercy and grace of God. He bore with me long. I was seventy-two before I received that light." I inquired, "did you ever feel yourself a great sinner, and in a perishing need of a Saviour?" He answered quickly, "Did you ever see hell flash in your face and feel yourself lost? How can we repent unless convinced that we have sinned? Does not the spirit first kill and then make alive? Forty years have I carried a heavy burden. I was unwilling to submit to Jesus; but when I came to him he gave me rest. He removed my burden of sin, and gave me the earnest of the Spirit; and often times, O blessed be God, he gives me a cordial-reviving to my soul. It is pure, sweet, peaceable, the best I ever tasted."

I could not but survey the aged Friend with warm affection. I had thought, perhaps I may be serviceable to this old traveller to the grave; but like "the prudent man who foreseeth the evil and hideth himself," he had hid himself in the ark of safety, and made the warning voice unnecessary. To prolong the conversation, I asked him, "what think ye of Christ?" He replied, "Christ is my only hope. He is the hope of a ruined world. I have been a Deist. I have tried every way. Once I endeavoured to be a Universalist but I could not prove that the wicked shall not be turned into hell where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched. I am a great sinner and think frequently with grief how long I sinned against God. But Jesus has died." Christ crucified was to him the power of God and the wisdom of God.

He informed me that he had lately joined the society of Friends; that his ancestors were among the first settlers at Plymouth. He was very temperate. "The Lord," he observed, "has made me a healthy drink. I prefer it to all others. I have seen such misery flow from ardent spirits, that to witness against them, I discard them entirely." Doubtless his temperance had contributed greatly to his advanced age and excellent health. He was a firm believer in the Bible, which he called his book, the best of books. He looked upon the grave as the termination of his trials and sorrows, and to be desired by one so old, whose heart was comforted by a hope of immortality. Observing that I beheld him trembling with pity, he said with a smile, "these hands will soon be quiet in the grave." He expressed much satisfaction with our interview. "I know not," said he, "but that thou art a counterfeiter; but I love thy discourse; I cannot but love where I perceive this light." His views respecting Christian exertion and sacrifice for the extension of Christ's kingdom, and the renovation of the world, were far from being what the spirit of the times demands; which may be owing to the peculiar mould into which his religious sentiments have been cast. When parting, he laid his withered arm on my shoulder, and said, "my son, the Lord has borne with me long. Seventy-two years I lived without hope; but bless the Lord, O my soul, Jesus is now precious." Tear after tear stole down his cheeks, while a heavenly serenity beamed in his countenance. How different, I thought, are these expressions of penitence, faith, and vital piety, from what I have been accustomed to hear in the conversation of Quakers. I bade him farewell, and turning away, involuntarily exclaimed, Soon the Saviour will end your pilgrimage, and say, FRIEND, COME UP HIGHER.

The principal secrets of health are early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and leaving the table unoppressed.

James C. Hall, M. D. of Washington, has been appointed Professor of Surgery in the Medical department of the Columbian College, vice James M. Staughton, M. D. resigned.—Nat. Jour.

Solitude has nothing gloomy in it, if the soul points upwards.

## WHY THEY CALL 'EM TRACTS.

(Furnished by a Clergyman.)

While spending a few hours lately in a little village in Ohio, I was amused and instructed with the simplicity of the following anecdote, related to me by the Rev. Mr. M. He one day presented a religious Tract to a poor negro, first securing his promise that he would read it, and endeavour to profit by it. Some time afterwards, Mr. M. met him again, and inquired what he thought of the tract? "O," said he, "massa, it do me soul good. I neber know before, why da call 'em tracks. But when I read dat little book, it track me dis way, and it track me dat way; it track me all day, and it track me all night, when I got out in de barn, it track me dare; when I got out in de woods, it track me dare; when in de house, it track me dare; it track me ebbery where I go. Den I know why da call 'em tracks."

From further inquiry Mr. M. was led to hope that the religious instruction of the tract presented, had fastened effectually upon the conscience of this simple hearted man; and the query was suggested whether his very mistake as to the definition of a word, might not have been blessed by the spirit of God to convince him of sin, and prepare his heart for the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.—Am. Pastors' Jour.

## ANECDOTE OF TERANTIUS.

Mr. Flavel very justly asks, whether the public interest of the Christian religion is not of greater importance than any private interest of our own; and he adds, "It is a famous saying of Terentius, captain to the emperor Adrian, when he presented a petition that the Christians might have a temple by themselves, to worship God, apart from the Arians, the emperor tore his petition and threw it away, bidding him ask something for himself, and it should be granted. Terentius modestly gathered up the fragments of his petition again, and nobly added, 'If I cannot be heard in God's cause, I will never ask any thing for myself.'"

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Baptist Register.

## THE YOUNG CONVERT.

I beheld a lovely sight; a dear youth had just escaped from the wrath of God, and was now rejoicing in the redeeming love of Emanuel. My soul leaped for joy. I watched that soul; it bore the image of Jesus. The longer I looked, the more I loved. It had learning a new song, and my heart responded to every note, as it sung salvation to our God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever. It was a bright vision. Old things were done away, and behold, all things had become new—a new heart, a new life, new prospects, and new employments. Drawn with cords of love, it moved in the paths of obedience, enjoying favour with God and man. The daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, with thanksgiving, was offered; the sanctuary, the closet, and the grove, were visited with delight; and it seemed that heaven had come down to men, while the soul fed on hidden manna, and drank freely of the water of life. Such a sight was a consolation to saints, an ornament to the Church on earth, a delight to angels, and an antepast of heaven.

## THE BACKSLIDER.

The scene is changed. The daily sacrifice has ceased, the abomination that maketh desolate is set up, the bright vision has vanished, the hinges have become rusty on the door of the closet, the path to the grove is covered with vegetation, the soul cleaves to the dust for want of heavenly nourishment, and in consequence of rebellion dwells in a dry land. These things are matter of lamentation, and shall be for a lamentation. How many do we see in our churches in this mournful situation! who,

"Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frost has nipp'd them in the bud."

They have fallen from their own steadfastness—they have fallen from the usefulness—they have exposed themselves to the contempt of the world, to the censure of God's people, to the rebukes and chastenings of their heavenly Father; and unless they repent and do their first works, they must expect darkness which will be felt, and the first born of all their enjoyments to be slain; and one stroke will be laid on after another, until the idols be utterly abolished, which by insensible degrees had stolen away his first love.

Dear reader, are you a backslider? My soul pities you. O, that you had hearkened to God's commandments; then had your peace been as a river, and your righteousness as the waves of the sea! But now you are perplexed with anxieties, and beset with temptations, because you have grieved the heavenly Comforter, and he has withdrawn. Your heavenly Father hides his face from you, and you are troubled. Like the mariner that has lost his course in a dark night, you are tossed to and fro with a tempest, and driven almost to the black gulf of despair.

But hark! The voice sounds from the throne of love, "Return unto me, saith the Lord, and I will heal your backslidings; I will love you freely." Be zealous, therefore, and repent; arise quickly from your bed of sloth, and go to your Father, and say unto him, "I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Then will he restore unto you the joy of his salvation; angels will then rejoice, and saints be glad.

SHARP REBUKE.—Dr. Stonehouse, when he entered into holy orders, took occasion to profit by his acquaintance with Garrick to procure from him some valuable instructions in elocutions. Being once engaged to read prayers in the city, he prevailed upon Garrick to go with

him. After the service, Garrick asked the Doctor what particular business he had to do after the duty was over? "None," said the Doctor. "I thought you had," replied Garrick, "on seeing you enter the reading desk in such a hurry. Nothing can be more indecent than to see a clergyman set about sacred business as if he were a tradesman, and go into church as if he wanted to get out of it as soon as possible." He next asked the Doctor what books he had in the desk before him? "Only the bible and prayer book," answered the Doctor. "Only the bible and prayer book," rejoined Garrick; "why you tossed them backwards and forwards and turned the leaves over as carelessly as if they were those of a day book and ledger."

From the Journal of Health.

The spring being the season of the year at which the prejudices and mistakes of a great number of persons induce them to resort to bleeding, or to some active medicine, with the view of increasing their health, and guarding against disease, it may be proper, now, to warn all such against the prejudicial tendency of this practice. It is, indeed, far more apt to invite an attack of disease, than to guard them against it. All the purposes for which it is resorted to, can, however, be very certainly answered by gentle daily exercise, great caution in adapting the dress to the rapid changes in the weather, and the strictest temperance.

## TREATMENT OF LUNATICS.

We find in a foreign journal a brief notice of the treatment of lunatics in the Netherlands, which exhibits a singular contrast to the harsh methods that have been too often pursued in our country.

Gheel is in the province of Antwerp, and has a population of about 7,000, principally employed in agriculture. To this place Brussels, Antwerp, and many adjacent towns now send their lunatics, instead of closely confining them, as formerly, to hospitals, (not jails, as with us,) where in the majority of cases the malady was aggravated and rendered incurable. When the lunatics arrive at Gheel, they are first brought to a place contiguous to the church, "where a clergyman offers up prayers for them, and administers the consolations of religion." They are then distributed among the farmers, who employ them in agricultural labours, according to their age and strength, but without the least compulsion. Although the remuneration is quite small, the farmers are anxious to receive them, and treat them with great attention. Their freedom, the enjoyment of the open air, their occupation, and the tranquil life they lead, are the means of restoring many of these unfortunate beings to their friends in the full use of their faculties. And it is stated that they all appear healthy and cheerful. They live with their hosts as their children, take their meals with them, and are almost without exception extremely gentle. A good assortment of Men's and Boys' LEATHER CAPS. HADLEY & CHALKER. Store 10 rods South-West State House. April 19. 6w10

—Journal of Humanity.

## THERMOMETERS.

During the present season of the year allusions are frequently made, in the English and foreign newspapers, to different scales of the thermometer. The following is a comparison of the various modes of computing heat submitted to them.

1. Fahrenheit's Thermometer.—The division most in use in this country is that of Fahrenheit, which places 180 degrees between the melting point of ice and the boiling point of water. The former is marked 32 deg., which was estimated by degrees of the same magnitude counted from the greatest degree of cold which Fahrenheit could produce; this he called 0. The advantage of this scale consists in the degree being of a very convenient magnitude, for common purposes, neither too large nor too small. The disadvantage which strikes us most forcibly in calculation, consists in the Zero point being placed arbitrarily with reference to our present knowledge. In this respect the scales which place Zero at the melting point of ice seemed to possess a decided advantage. The boiling point of water in this scale is marked 212 deg.—namely, 32 deg. added to 180 deg. are equal to 212 deg.

2. Reaumur's Thermometer.—Reaumur's Thermometer the melting point of ice is 0, and that of boiling water 80 degrees. The peculiarity of this seems to have arisen from the principle upon which it was constructed. He supposed the liquid in the tube (weak spirits of wine) equal to 1,000 parts of the temperature of freezing water, and the increase of volume of freezing water, and the point at which water boils was denoted by the number.

3. The Centigrade Division.—This scale has been proposed by Celsius, a Swede. It has been adopted in France by the name of the Centigrade Scale. Zero is placed at the melting point of ice, and 100 deg. at the point of boiling water. This scale is particularly convenient for calculation, but has some disadvantages in the great size of each degree, from which it is frequently necessary to employ fractional or decimal parts.

THE MAHOR.—The mahor, or wild cotton, tree, grows in Cuba to a vast size. There is one, on an estate called Santa-Anna, a hundred feet high. Its trunk, which is forty-six and a half in circumference at the base, rises to sixty-five feet, without a single branch or a single knot on its white bark. The branches are worthy of its stem, and cover a diameter of a hundred and sixty-five feet. The immense tree is in itself a world, and shelters and feeds millions of insects. Several parasitical plants attach themselves to it. Wild pine apples grow at the top, and the vine vegetates on the boughs, and, letting its branches droop to the earth, furnishes rais, mice, and the opossum,

which would find it difficult to climb a smooth bark, a ladder, enabling them to reach the pine cups, which form so many natural reservoirs for the rain water. The wood-louse founds extensive republics in this tree, and establishes its large and black cities at the juncture of some of the branches, whence it descends to the ground by a covered way, which it constructs of mortar, and of which it even provides two—one to ascend, and the other to descend by. This little insect is of the size of a flea, is inoffensive, and is a great treat to the inhabitants of the poultry yard, to whom it is given in its nest.

## MAY MORNING.

The beautiful lines which follow, are from the Massachusetts Journal of 1st inst. and are probably the production of the chaste and able pen of Mrs. Childs.

Welcome, welcome, lovely May,  
With breath so sweet, and smile so gay;  
With sun, and dew, and gentle showers,  
Welcome, welcome Month of Flowers!

Nature's rich carpet now is spread,  
The young vines spring beneath her tread,  
The blue bird has begun to sing,  
The insect spreads his tiny wing,  
The merry calves are full of glee,  
So is the little busy bee;—

His pretty web the spider weaves,  
All round and round the lupine leaves;  
The violets start on hill and lea,  
And the verdant earth keeps jubilee!

Welcome, welcome, lovely May,  
With breath so sweet and smile so gay;  
With sun, and dew, and gentle showers,  
Welcome, welcome Month of Flowers.

## THE SPRING FASHION FOR

## HATS.

JUST received by the subscribers; who have on hand and are manufacturing

## DRAB HATS

of every description suited to the season.

## BLACK HATS

is as complete as can be found at any other establishment, where those in want at wholesale or retail will do well to call and examine, before they purchase.

A good assortment of Men's and Boys' LEATHER CAPS. HADLEY & CHALKER. Store 10 rods South-West State House. April 19. 6w10

## DWELLING-HOUSE

## TO LET.

A Three story Brick Dwelling-House on Front Street, well calculated for a Boarding House, for which it has been used. Apply to STEDMAN & GORDON. May 3, 1830.

## HARTFORD FEMALE SEMINARY.

MISS C. E. BEECHER, PRINCIPAL. THE Summer Term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, the 26th of May.

## NOTICE.

A Court of Probate holden at Berlin, within and for the district of Berlin, on the 1st day of May, A. D. 1830:—

Present, THOMAS LEE, Esq. Judge. UPON the petition of Joseph Neal, of Southampton, in the county of Hartford, showing to this court, that he is a guardian of Joel H. Barnes, Reuben Barnes, and Rosanna Barnes:—all of Berlin, within said district, minors. That said minors are owners of real estate situated in said Berlin, viz.—all the real estate which fell to them from their late father Joel Barnes estate, and from their brother Norman S. Barnes deceased, estate, valued at about Six Hundred Dollars as per petition on file. That it will be for the benefit of said minors to sell said property, and put the avails on interest as the law directs, or lay out the avails for their support; praying for liberty to sell said property for the purpose as aforesaid, as per petition on file.

It is ordered by this court, that said guardian give notice of said application, by causing the same to be published in one of the newspapers printed in Hartford, in the county of Hartford, three weeks successively; and that said petition be heard at the Probate Office in said district, on the first Saturday in July next, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Certified from Record THOMAS LEE, Esq. Judge.

## AETNA

## INSURANCE COMPANY.

Incorporated for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a Capital of

200,000 Dollars,

SECURED and vested in the best possible manner—offer to take risks on terms as favourable as other offices.

The business of the Company is strictly confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires.

The office of the company is kept at the East door of Morgan's Exchange Coffee-House State-street, where a constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.

The Directors of the Company are: Thomas K. Brace, Henry L. Ellsworth, Thomas Belden, Samuel Tudor, Henry Kilbourn, Griffin Stedman, Joseph Morgan, Elisha Dodd, Stephen Spencer.

THOMAS K. BRACE, Presid. JAMES M. GOODWIN, Secretary. Hartford, June 21.

## WANTED.

A Blacksmith, and two men acquainted with farming, to be employed at one of the Indian Stations under the care of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. They must be pious men, members of some regular Baptist Church, and good workmen. Applications, with suitable testimonials, may be made to the subscriber, without delay

L. BOLLES.

Boston, April 9, 1830. MRS. JUDSON'S MEMOIRS, CHURCH MEMBER'S GUIDE, MALCOLM'S BIBLE DICTIONARY. For Sale at this Office.